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BOYS AND GIRLS O' MINE

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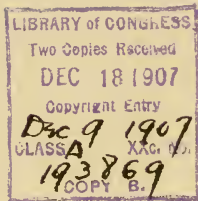


By
J. W. FOLEY



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J. W. FOLEY

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TO MR. C. V. VAN ANDA
of the New York Times

HOMEFOLKS' EDITION

This edition is limited to three hundred
copies, of which this copy is numbered _____

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Boys and Girls o' Mine

THE TOAST OF MERRIMENT

GOOD humor! Let's have more of it;
Let's spice the wine of life with wit;
The little day we tarry here
Let flow the sunshine of good cheer.
Find not in sober sense such zest
We have no time for quip or jest,
Nor o'er our tasks so roundly bent
We drink no toast to merriment.

Oh, you whose sober self all gowned
With gloom, and who so oft has frowned,
A smile could scarce find resting place
Upon your worn and wrinkled face,
Let loose a laugh, to tell the world
Your heart's dried substance has not curled
Like a wormed nut, to rattle in
Your moldy shell of bone and skin.

THE TOAST OF MERRIMENT

And you, whose soul is so engrossed
With duns and dollars, drink the toast
And let your honest laughter teach
Your stunted sense the sweeter speech
Of merriment. From your tired head
Remove the gallows-hood of dread
Lest you should miss a wage or fee
And wear this cap and bells with me.

A thousand years your mummied skin
Will have no seed of laughter in,
And in your sober grave find rest
All undisturbed of quip and jest.
Then be not sullen, sordid, dull,
An ever-walking funeral,
But laugh, for you and Laughter when
You part may never meet again.

CHUMS

H E lives acrost the street from us
An' ain't as big as me;
His mother takes in washin' 'cuz
They're poor as they can be.
But every night he brings his slate
An' 'en I do his sums,
An' help him get his lessons straight,
'Cuz him an' me is chums.

His clo'es ain't *quite* as good as mine,
But I don't care for that;
His mother makes his face 'ist shine,
An' I *lent* him a hat.
An' every mornin', 'ist by rule,
W'en nine o'clock it comes,
He takes my hand an' goes to school,
'Cuz him an' me is chums.

CHUMS

Nobody better plague him, too,
No matter if he's small,
'Cuz I'm his friend, for tried and true,
An' 'at's th' reason all
Th' boys don't dare to plague him, 'cuz
I 'ist wait till he comes,
An' he walks clost to me, he does,
'Cuz him an' me is chums.

He fell an' hurt hi'self one day
Th' summer before last,
An' 'at's w'at makes him limp 'at way
An' don't grow very fast.
So w'en I got a piece of pie,
Or maybe nuts or plums,
I always give him some, 'cuz I
Get lots—an' we are chums.

An' w'en it's nuttin' time, we go,
An' I climb all th' trees,
'Cuz he can't climb—he's hurt, you know—
But he gets all he sees
Come droppin' down, an' my! he's glad;
An' w'en th' twilight comes
He says w'at a fine time he had,
'Cuz him an' me is chums.

CHUMS

But my! his mother's awful queer;
 'Cuz w'en we're home again,
She wipes her eye—a great, big tear—
 An' says: "God bless you, Ben!
Th' Lord will bless you all your days
 W'en th' great Judgment comes."
But I say I don't need no praise,
 'Cuz him an' me is chums.

GIRL OF MINE

O H, her frock is crisp and white
And her hair is curled up tight
To her roguish little head, just
like an aureole of light,
Not a heart but she could win
With the ribbon at her chin
And her cheeks that have such
very little merry dimples in.

Ah, the laughter in her eyes
And the wonder and surprise
As she toddles through the waving
grass in search of butterflies,
And the flowers nod and sway
In their love of her and say
By their homage as she passes she's
a fairer flower than they.

GIRL OF MINE

Ah, the sweetness and the grace
In her radiant little face
As she scampers through the sunlight
 in her airy, fairy race;
How the roguish laughter trips
From the gateway of her lips
Like the lilting of the robin
 through the leafy bough that slips.

And the birds in branches high
Seem to join her merry cry
And to chirp a fearless greeting as
 she gaily toddles by,
And so light her footsteps fall
That the clover blossoms call:
"See! She stepped on us in passing
 but we're scarcely bruised at all!"

DEAR LITTLE, QUEER LITTLE MAN

DEAR little, queer little man,
With his hair all a tumble of curls,
With a light in his eyes
Like the blue of the skies
When the dawn's rosy banner unfurls!
Sweet little, fleet little man,
Who fills all the house with his toys,
Whose laugh has the truth
Of the heart of his youth:
A toast to the health of our boys!

Dear little, queer little man,
With a big, paper cap on his head,
And a sword at his side
As he gets up to ride
On his hobby-horse, gaudy and red!
Play, little, gay little man;
Fill all of the house with your noise,
For, oh, it were ill
If your laughter were still!
A toast to the laughter of boys!

DEAR LITTLE, QUEER LITTLE MAN

Dear little, queer little man,
With dreams of the future to be,
When he shall grow tall
And shall care for us all,
His mother, his sister and me!
Brave little, grave little man,
With thoughts, like his youth, incomplete,
But bearing the seed
That shall blossom and lead
To manhood all gracious and sweet.

Dear little, queer little man,
Whose heart is so boyish and pure,
May the sweetness and truth
That are flowers of youth
Through all of your being endure!
Play, little, gay little man;
Fill all of the house with your noise,
For, oh, what so sweet
As the pattering feet
And the echoing laughter of boys?

Dear little, queer little man,
The light of the dawn's rosy beams
Be evermore spread
On your dear, curly head,
And truth to your innocent dreams!
Blest little, best little man,
God keep you as pure as the truth
That lingers and lies
In the light of your eyes:
Long life to the heart of your youth!

AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL

JUST an old-fashioned girl, of the kind that you knew
When your mother sat up to mend stockings for you
With a ball of red yarn and a bag full of hose
And a goose-eggish thing that slipped down in the toes.
Just an old-fashioned girl, of the kind that brings
tears

To your eyes when you think of the toil of her years,
And wonder however she laid every curl
On a half-dozen heads—such an old-fashioned girl.

Just an old-fashioned girl, of an age ere the flat,
Or of winters in this place and summers in that.
Of the kind that you knew when you went with bare
legs

In the days when you ransacked the manger for eggs.
Just an old-fashioned girl in a blue gingham gown
That is leading your fancy some forty years down
On the pathway of years, till the hum and the whirl
Of the day you forget with that old-fashioned girl.

AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL

Just an old-fashioned girl of that out-of-date day,
When you knew all the hymns and she found time to
play

On the organ in church, and you knelt with her there
And repeated—what was it?—ah, yes!—’twas a prayer:
Such an old-fashioned thing, as you think of it now
With the years writ in wrinkles on temple and brow;
But the years back there gleam with the lustre of
pearl—

When you walked hand-in-hand with that old-fashioned
girl.

Just an old-fashioned girl of those old-fashioned days,
And she knelt in the night with a prayer that she’d
raise

Up a son to be manly and honest and true.

There’s a mound where the wild-flowers nodded and
grew

Ere the World bade you come, and a love that lies there
With its heart in the dust, but its essence as rare
As the breath of the rose and as pure as the pearl
That shall tinge all your dreams of that old-fashioned
girl.

THE TOWN OF IMPOSSIBLEVILLE

I LIVE in the town of Impossibleville—a village eccentric and nice,
Where no matter how hot is the Midsummer day the
iceman leaves plenty of ice;
The dairyman never once waters the milk, but leaves
yellow cream in his wake;
The baker gives always a full loaf of bread and the
butcher serves porterhouse steak:
The coal man gives two thousand pounds for a ton,
nor weighs up the man with his load,
There isn't a lawyer, a judge or a court and the old,
Golden Rule is the Code.
It lies in the valley 'twixt Honesty Flats and the top
of Millenium hill.
And is peopled by poets and dreamers and such—is the
town of Impossibleville.

THE TOWN OF IMPOSSIBLEVILLE

'Tis a wonderful place is Impossibleville, where there's
never a scramble for pelf,
And the rights of man's neighbor are valued as high
as the rights that he claims for himself.
No hand-organ man on the street ever grinds out his
ancient, soul-harrowing tunes,
Nor the man who must board haunted three times a
day with small dishes of watery prunes;
There's only one church in Impossibleville and that's
about all that it needs,
Nor do people lose sight of the kernel of good in the
chaff of their musty old creeds.
It's just over there where the Golden Rule Heights
overlook the green vale of Goodwill
And it's peopled with folks it might please you to meet
is the town of Impossibleville.

The sewing society there never meets unless there is
something to sew,
Good deeds are the coin of the realm and no man but
may settle in Millionaire's Row.
The cider's all made from the ripest of fruit and open
at bottom or top,
The barrel of apples looks equally good for there's only
one saleable crop.
No matter what happens the cook never quits, nor ever
was known one to scold,
The weather is perfect the whole livelong year, nor
ever too hot or too cold;
It's right over there 'twixt the town of Don't Fret and
the top of Millenium Hill
And is peopled with poets and dreamers and such—is
the town of Impossibleville.

THE TOWN OF IMPOSSIBLEVILLE

If you'd reach the cool shades of Impossibleville, you
must start on your journey in Youth,
Turn aside from the main-traveled road and set foot
on the little used pathway of Truth,
Pass on past the town of Fair Play and Don't Fret till
you climb up the Golden Rule Heights,
And then you may look down the vale of Good Cheer
and see all of these wonderful sights;
But many have set out with hope and light hearts de-
termined to reach this fair spot
Who someway have strayed from the little-used path
and are lost in the wastes of Dry Rot,
But it's right over there 'twixt the town of Fair Play
and the top of Millenium Hill,
And it's peopled with poets and dreamers and such—is
the town of Impossibleville.

A PEARL OF PRICE

SHE isn't worth a fortune and she hasn't any stocks,
Her wealth is all in little shoes and pinafores and
frocks.

In little rings of curling hair and big blue, laugh-
ing eyes,

In leaves and grass and buds and flowers and bees
and butterflies.

But when she comes in tired from play and crawls
upon my knee

She's worth a hundred millions to her mother and to
me.

A PEARL OF PRICE

She sits among her dolls and toys and doesn't seem to
care

If wealth is all in rosy cheeks and locks of curly hair.
She toddles up to me and like an artful fairy clips
A coupon bearing love from off the sweetness of her
lips.

And when she puts her arms around my neck and
goos in glee,

She's worth uncounted millions to her mother and to
me.

And when she's in her crib at night and daintily tucked
in

The wealth of Croesus couldn't buy the dimple in her
chin,

And as she blinks her roguish eyes to play at peek-a-
boo,

She chuckles me a fortune with each archly spoken
goo.

And though she has no fortune, I am sure you will
agree,

She's a fortune, more than money, to her mother and
to me.

WE AIN'T A-SCAIRT O' PA

US boys ain't scairt o' Pa so much,
He only makes a noise,
An' says he never did see such
Onmanageable boys.
But when Ma looks around I see
Just something long an' flat
An' always make a point to be
Some better after that.

Pa promises an' promises,
But never does a thing;
But what Ma says she does she does,
An' when I go to bring
Her slipper or her hair brush when
She says she'll dust my pants,
I think I could be better then
If I had one more chance.

WE AIN'T A-SCAIRT O' PA

Pa always says nex' time 'at he
Will have a word to say,
But Ma she is more apt to be
A-doin' right away;
Pa turns around at us an' glares
As fierce as he can look,
But when we're out o' sight, upstairs,
He goes back to his book.

Ma doesn't glare as much as Pa
Or make as big a fuss,
But what she says is law is law,
And when she speaks to us
She's lookin' carelessly around
F'r somethin' long and flat,
And when we notice it, we're bound
To be good after that.

So we ain't scairt o' Pa at all,
Although he thinks we are;
But when we hear Ma come an' call,
No difference how far
We are away we answer quick,
An' tell her where we're at,
When she stoops down and starts to pick
Up somethin' long an' flat!

THE GARDEN OF PLAY

OUT in the Garden of Childhood gay
Romp three glad youngsters with merry cries,
Startling the birds with their boisterous play,
Lightheart and Laughter and big Brighteyes.
Ever you see them and hear them there,
Morning or evening or blossomy noon,
-And oh, but the Garden of Youth is fair,
And oh, but the years of it pass too soon!

Over the Garden arch cloudless skies,
(Ah, but the skies of all Youth are blue!)
Lightheart and Laughter and big Brighteyes
Find in each nook something rare and new.
Cool is the shade of the coaxing trees,
Bidding them hide from the sun at noon,
And oh, but what glorious days are these,
And oh, but the hours of them pass too soon!

THE GARDEN OF PLAY

Rare is the Garden with fragrant flowers,
 (Ah, but the flowers of Youth are fair!)
Garlands they weave of the golden hours,
 Sweet with the song of the birds in air.
Splashed all the earth with a rosy light,
 Light of the sun at its splendid noon,
And oh, but the sunshine of Youth is bright,
 And oh, but the light of it dies too soon!

Sweet to mine ears from the Garden gay
 Echo their calls and their merry cries,
Startling the birds with their boisterous play;
 Lightheart and Laughter and big Brighteyes.
Dips the red sun to its shadowed west,
 These are the years of mine afternoon,
And oh, but the years of my youth were best,
 And oh, but the joy of them passed too soon!

THE GINGERCake MAN

THE Gingercake man was a lump of brown dough
Till a great rolling pin was run over him, so!
To flatten him out, and he lay there so thin,
His bones almost popped through the holes in his skin;
They sifted him over with flour and spice,
And made him some eyes with two kernels of rice,
And took some dried currants, the biggest and best,
To make him some buttons for closing his vest.

The Gingercake man wobbled this way and that,
When they seeded a raisin and made him a hat
That was stuck on his head in the jauntiest way,
For a Gingercake man is not made every day.
They stuck in some cloves for his ears; yes, indeed!
And made him some teeth out of caraway seed,
And when he was finished they buttered a pan—
The biggest they had—for the Gingercake man.

THE GINGERCake MAN

Then into the oven they put him to bake
Until he was hard and could stand and not break
His legs when he stood; and they set him to cool
Until all the children should come home from school.
And oh, the delight and the wonder and glee,
When mother invited the children to see,
All sifted with sugar and out of the pan,
The good-natured face of the Gingercake man.

But alas and alas! 'Tis a short life and sweet
Is the Gingercake man's—for they ate off his feet,
They broke off his arms with the hungriest zest,
And picked all the buttons from out of his vest;
They nibbled his legs off and ate up his hat,
And everything edible went just like that,
Till the cloves and the kernels of rice you may scan
As all that is left of the Gingercake man!

MAKE-BELIEVE

LET'S dream, like the child in its playing;
Let's make us a sky and a sea;
Let's change the things 'round us by saying
They're things that we wish them to be;
And if there is sadness or sorrow,
Let's dream till we charm it away;
Let's learn from the children and borrow
A saying from Childhood—"Let's Play."

Let's play that the world's full of beauty;
Let's play there are roses in bloom;
Let's play there is pleasure in duty
And light where we thought there was gloom;
Let's play that this heart with its sorrow
Is bidden be joyous and glad;
Let's play that we'll find on tomorrow
The joys that we never have had.

MAKE-BELIEVE

Let's play that regret with its ruing
Is banished forever and aye;
Let's play there's delight but in doing;
Let's play there are flowers by the way;
However the pathway seem dreary,
Wherever the footsteps may lead;
Let's play there's a song for the weary
If only the heart will give heed.

Let's play we have done with repining;
Let's play that our longings are still;
Let's play that the sunlight is shining
To gild the green slope of the hill;
Let's play there are birds blithely flinging
Their songs of delight to the air;
Let's play that the world's full of singing,
Let's play there is love everywhere.

LONESOME

SAY, little boy, be friends with me and I'll be friends
with you;

And I won't never tell on you, no matter what you do.

It's awful lonesome over here and, goodness, but it's
hard

To have your mother say that you must play in your
back yard.

There's lots of daisies where I am, and butterflies as
bright

As anything you ever saw, and I just saw one light;

Perhaps you'd catch it in your cap if I would help
you to—

Come over and be friends with me and I'll be friends
with you.

LONESOME

I'm all the children we have got—I'm lonesome as can
be,

I wish you wouldn't be afraid to come and play with me.

I don't care if your face ain't clean or if your clothes
are torn,

I didn't have no clothes at all the time that I was
born.

We got ripe apples on our trees and I will boost
you so

That you can get some if you come, and when it's time
to go

We'll fill your cap and pockets full to take home.

Don't you see

I'm willing to be friends with you if you'll be friends
with me?

I've got a lot of wooden toys, as fine as they can be.
But I want something that's alive to run around with
me,

And play wild Indians and bears, and if you'll come
and play

Perhaps my mamma 'll let me come and play with
you some day.

We've got some dandy hollow trees, the finest any-
wheres,

And one of us can hide in them when we are playing
bears,

And growl just like he's awful cross, and all the
time you know

It's only make-believe, of course, but then it scares
you so.

LONESOME

I wish you'd come and play with me. I've got a jump-
ing jack

I'll give you for your very own to keep when you go
back,

And you can ride my v'locipede most all the afternoon
And blow some bubbles with my pipe and play with
my balloon.

I've got an awful lot of toys and I will let you play
That they are yours as much as mine for all the time
you stay,

I'm all the boys my folks have got. I'm lonesome as
can be,

Come on, and I'll be friends with you if you'll be
friends with me.

LINES TO A BABY GIRL

O H, she has such a way with her!
I stay with her
And play with her,
Her cheeks are round and dimpled and
Her eyes are Heaven's blue,
My life is spent quite half with her,
I laugh with her
And chaff with her,
Till she looks up with laughing eyes,
And all she says is "Goo!"

Sometimes I try to walk with her,
I talk with her
And rock with her;
She knows some way my love for her
Is tender and is true.
And so I sit and speak with her
And seek with her
The cheek of her
To brush with little kisses and
Quite all she says is "Goo!"

LINES TO A BABY GIRL

She toddles in to share with me
My chair with me;
Her air with me
 Is that of queen imperious,
 My heart her subject true.
Upon the floor she lies with me
And tries with me
To rise with me
 When romping time is over, and
 She looks up and says "Goo!"

Oh, she is such a part of me,
The heart of me,
And art of me
 Could not express my love for her,
 So tender and so true;
She is the treasure blessed of me,
Heart's guest of me,
The best of me,
 This little baby girl of me
 Who looks up and says "Goo!"

THE LAND OF BLOW-BUBBLES

HIS curls are like rings of red gold on his head,
His lips are as red as a cherry,
His cheeks are as round as an apple, and red;
His eyes full of mischief and merry.
His heart is as pure as a snowflake in air,
A fig for the whole of his troubles!
For he's my Boy Careless—you've seen him somewhere,
And he lives in the land of Blow Bubbles!

Now he's riding a stick that is legless and dead,
Through the lanes and across the sere stubbles,
For a stick is a horse with four legs and a head
In that magic boy land of Blow Bubbles!
He bears at his side a sword cut from a lath,
With a big wooden gun on his shoulder,
And woe to the wild beast that crosses his path
For never a huntsman was bolder.

THE LAND OF BLOW-BUBBLES

Now down from his steed leaps Boy Careless in haste,
He drops on one knēe in the stubbles,
For stubbles are woods full of wild beasts, all chased
To their death by the boys in Blow Bubbles!
His musket he brings to his shoulder and shoots,
The sound of it echoes and doubles,
For a make-believe gun kills the make-believe brutes
In that magic boy land of Blow Bubbles.

Then out from the forest a savage all red
With blood-curdling yell leaps to battle,
A thrust from the big wooden sword—he is dead
With a most melancholy death-rattle.
Then up from the ground lifts Boy Careless his horse,
And back o'er the all-trackless stubbles,
For it's many a mile to his cabin, of course,
In the magic boy land of Blow Bubbles.

Oh, joy to the lad in his make-believe ride
With the make-believe gun on his shoulder,
With the make-believe sword cut from lath at his side,
And a sigh from the heart that is older!
A whistle for Care from the harp of his lips,
A fig for the whole of his troubles,
When he's off like the wind on his make-believe trips
In the magic boy land of Blow Bubbles!

HOW HENRY BLAKE KNOWS

DON'T you dast kill a toad, Henry Blake says, for
true

As you're born it'll rain right away if you do.

For Henry Blake says oncet some boys 'at he knowed
Were goin' a-fishin' an' one killed a toad,

An' it all clouded up an' it got just as black,

An' it thundered an' lightnined before they got back

Till they were awful scairt. He says he dunno why,

But he thinks toads has somethin' t' do with the sky.

An' Henry Blake showed

Us th' place in th' road

Where the boys went an kilt him an' that's how he
knowed.

HOW HENRY BLAKE KNOWS

Henry Blake says if you just split a bean
An' put half of it on a wart when it's green,
An' throw half of it between midnight an' dawn
In a cistern somewhere, why, your wart 'll be gone
Just as soon as it rots. Henry Blake says it's true
'Cuz a friend of his showed him a bean cut in two
That took off a big wart, an' th' half was all black
An' Henry Blake says that it never came back.

An' Henry's friend showed

Him th' cistern he throwed

The other half into an' that's how he knowed!

THE PLAYTIME OF BACHELOR BILL

O UR Uncle Bill's a bachelor, an' it's an awful shame,
'Cuz he knows stories about bears an' knows
'em all by name.

An' growls 'ist like a really one an' makes you think
a bear

Is underneath th' table, but of course it isn't there.

An' when he takes you on his knee he talks 'ist like
a book

An' after w'ile your eyes get big an' you're a-scairt to
look

W'en he says: "Nen a bear come out an' 'ist went
Boo-oo-oo!"

Becuz you almost think a bear is really after you.

An' 'en he plays wild Indian an' hides himself some-
wheres

W'ile we look in th' corners an' behind th' parlor chairs,
An' peek in th' dark closets an' p'tend we're on a scout
Till after w'ile he makes a whoop an' 'en comes rushin'
out

'Ist like he's on th' warpath; an' us chinnern run up-
stairs

An' hide in mamma's closet an' he makes us think 'at
bears

Are comin' in to get us an' he growls 'ist like he's one,
An' my! we're turble scairt an' yet it's awful lots o' fun.

THE PLAYTIME OF BACHELOR BILL

An' 'en he is a pirate an' he makes us chinnern play
'At we are in a shipwreck an' th' crew is cast away
Upon a desert island w'ere his treasure chest is hid,
An' we are only sailors an' his name is Captain Kidd.
An' w'en we hear him comin' he 'ist roars an' 'en we
run,
'Cuz he has broomsticks for a sword an' pokers for a
gun,
An' after w'ile he kills us all but it don't hurt, an' w'en
He sails away in his big ship we come to life again.

'En after w'ile our mother comes an' taps him on th'
head,
An' says it's time for bears an' scouts an' things to be
in bed,
An' leads us chinnern all upstairs an' maybe if we
keep
Right still she'll let th' candle burn until we go to sleep.
'En after w'ile our Uncle Bill comes up to say good-
night,
An' sees how snug an' warm we are an' all tucked in
so tight,
An' 'en he kisses us good night an' 'en his eyes 'ist
blur:
I guess we make him sorry 'at he 'is a bachelor!

THE LOST BOY

LITTLE Boy Careless has strewn his blocks
From end to end of the nursery;
He has broken the top of the gaudy box
That held sliced animals—My, Ah Me!
His wooden soldiers are seamed and scarred
From battle with him, and his jumping-jack
Is lodged half-way from a blow too hard,
Nor all of my coaxing will get him back.

Little Boy Careless has split his drum
And bent the tube of his screeching fife
Till all of his martial airs are dumb,
And the doll that squeaked has lost her life
From a mallet blow on her waxen head,
And none of her sister dolls knows or cares
How the sawdust in her is strewn and spread
From the bedroom door to the hall downstairs.

THE LOST BOY

Little Boy Careless has gone away
And Big Boy Hopeful has come to me,
The toys that were scattered on yesterday
Are stored up there in the nursery.
The broken drum and the jumping-jack,
The waxen doll in her crib alone,
Nor Little Boy Careless will e'er come back
To scatter the toys by his years outgrown.

And ah, but the heart of me aches and cries
For the Little Boy Careless to come and play,
The light of the dawn in his big, brown eyes,
With the toys that are gathered and laid away.
The Big Boy Hopeful will come to pine
For the world out there and will yearn to go,
But the Little Boy Careless was mine, all mine,
And that is the reason I loved him so!

WHEN THEY LOVE YOU SO

O NE time I'm awful sick in bed,
An' sometimes I'm delirious,
'Cuz I got fever in my head,
An' when I'm th' most serious
My pa, he sits beside of me
An' 'en he rubs my head, an' 'en
He sâys when I get well, why, he
Won't ever scold his boy again.

An' 'en my ma, she rubs my head
'Ist burnin' hot, an' 'en her chîn
'Ist shivers an' she sâys: "Poor Ned!
His little hands so white an' thin!"
An' 'en she sâys she never knew
How precious 'ist a boy could be,
An' when I'm well she's goin' t' do
'Ist what I want her to for me.

WHEN THEY LOVE YOU SO

An' by and by my aunty comes
An' says when I get well why she
Don't care if I have twenty drums,
An' she will buy a sled for me.
An' my big sister's goin' t' buy
A really pony 'ist as quick
As ever doctor says 'at I
Am well again from bein' sick.

An' even our old hired man
Comes in an' stays a while with me,
Whenever doctor says he can,
'Ist kind an' gentle as can be,
'Cuz once he had a boy, an' 'en
He had th' fever an' 'at's why
He's awful kind to me an' when
He sees me, why he starts t' cry.

An' even teacher comes to see
Me on her way from school, an' 'en
She says it won't be hard for me
When I come back to school again.
'Cuz she won't make my lessons long,
Or keep me after school; an' she
'Ist wants me to get well an' strong
An' 'en she stoops an' kisses me.

WHEN THEY LOVE YOU SO

An' 'at's th' way you really know
How much they love you, when your head
'Ist burnin' up an' you can't go
Nowheres except to stay in bed.
An' even if you're awful bad
An' hot with fever, why, you know,
It makes you feel 'ist sweet an' glad
Becuz they all 'ist love you so

THE EVOLUTION OF AN ADOPTION

H E'S 'ist a little orfant boy
W'at goes to school with me;
An' ain't got any parents 'cuz
His folks is dead, you see.
An' w'en he sees my toys an' things—
My, but his eyes 'ist shine;
An' he ain't got no marbles, so
I give him half of mine.

An' once it 's orful stormy w'en
It 's noon an' he can't go
Back where he works for board an' clo'es
To get his lunch, an' so
I had some san'wiches an' things
'At he thought was 'ist fine,
An' 'cuz he didn't have no lunch
I give him half of mine.

THE EVOLUTION OF AN ADOPTION

An' once w'en we went down to fish
He come along with me,
An' w'en we're there says he 'ist wish
'At he could fish. You see
He's orful poor an' brought a pole
But didn't have a line,
An' w'en I saw how bad he felt
I give him half of mine.

An' one time I 'ist told my Ma
How he don't have much fun
'Cuz he ain't got no Ma or Pa
Or Aunt or any one.
An' 'en I told her how I thought
'At it would be 'ist fine
'Cuz he ain't got no mother if
I'd give him half of mine.

He ain't my brother, really true,
He 's 'ist an orfant, so
My Ma she took him, 'cuz she knew
He had no place to go.
I'm awful glad we got him an'
My Pa thinks it 'ist fine—
He didn't have no mother, so
I give him half of mine.

LITTLE MISCHIEFUSS

SOMEbody went and broke my doll, an' let her
sawdust out

On mamma's floor an' my! there's sawdust scattered
all about!

Dess scandalous! An' bienby my mamma 'll come an'
say:

"I see 'at Little Mischiefuss has been around today!"

An' sometimes w'en th' sugar bowl's lef' open, she says
'en:

"I dess 'at Little Mischiefuss has been around again!"

An' my! I'm awful much surprised! an' ast how does
she know,

But she dess says a little bird flew in an' told her so!

One time somebody went, she did, and broke my jum-
pin' jack

An' mamma says: "I see 'at Little Mischiefuss is back."

An' w'en somebody spilled p'eserves right on the pantry
shelf

She says: "I see 'at Mischiefuss has tried to he'p
herself!"

LITTLE MISCHFUSS

One day somebody tore my dress an' 'en she says: "I
see

'At Little Mischfuss is dess as busy as can be!"

An' my! I'm awful much surprised an' ast how does
she know,

But she dess says a little bird flew in an' told her so!

Somebody frowed my blocks out doors an' 'en 'ey dot
all wet

An' all peeled off tuz why it rained an' mamma says she
bet

'At Little Mischfuss is back from Topsyturnvytown

An' mus' be hidin' in th' house or else somew'eres
aroun'.

Oncet mamma's goin' 't spank her w'en she catches her,
an' so

I ast her not to tuz she's dess a little girl, you know,

An' don't know any better 'an t' plague an' pester us,

Till she dess laughs, tuz why she says *I'm* Little Mis-
chefuss!

ON A NOISELESS FOURTH

ON a noiseless street stood a crackerless lad with a
screechless fife and headless drum,
Venting his glee in a voiceless shout, as a blareless band,
all still and dumb,
Came down the length of the avenue, and a bugle
corps blew a noteless blare,
While a screechless rocket with noiseless hiss cut a
fireless path through the silent air.
The blareless band played a soundless tune and the
crackerless lad gave a voiceless shout
As the rippling folds of the unfurled flag from the up-
held standard fluttered out.
"Hurrah!" he cried with a voiceless cry, put forth from
his lips in a speechless way.
"Hurrah for the guns of Lexington and the noiseless
Independence Day!"

ON A NOISELESS FOURTH

Then far away down the village street a smokeless gun
belched a soundless roar,
A popless cracker fizzless died, and the band played a
blareless tune once more;
The clickless guns of the village guards with a thud-
less sound dropped on the ground.
The marshal left his neighless horse, and the voiceless
mob ranged all around;
A fizzless pinwheel silent whirred, and the drum corps
joined a tootless screech,
The lips of the village speaker moved in the tongueless
strains of a wordless speech,
Then a graceless benediction fell, and the crackerless
lad, in a voiceless way,
Gave a soundless shout for Bunker Hill and the noise-
less Independence Day.
Oh, the pulseless thrill of the noiseless guns and the
tootless fifes and the headless drums.
The heartless joy of the crackerless lad, as the soundless
pageant noiseless comes
Down the village street, and the sightless glow when
the hissless rocket's fireless glare
With noiseless swish from the silent earth through the
measureless breadth of the lightless air;
But a fingerless youth of the olden time, when crackers
popped and cannons roared,
Looked on the scene with much disgust and the look
of a lad who is greatly bored;
And he cried aloud—'twas the only sound that was
heard, not made in a voiceless way:
"Dog-gone the guns at Bunker Hill and the noiseless
Independence Day!"

ECHO OF A SONG

TO my fancy, idly roaming, comes a picture of the
gloaming,
Comes a fragrance from the blossoms of the lilac and
the rose;
With the yellow lamplight streaming I am sitting here
and dreaming
Of a half-forgotten twilight whence a mellow memory
flows;
To my listening ears come winging vagrant notes of
woman's singing:
I've a sense of sweet contentment as the sounds are
borne along;
'Tis a mother who is tuning her fond heart to love and
crooning
To her laddie such a
Sleepy little,
Creepy little,
Song.

Ah, how well do I remember when by crackling spark
and ember
The old-fashioned oaken rocker moved with rhythmic
sweep and slow;

ECHO OF A SONG

With her feet upon the fender, in a cadence low and
tender,

Floated forth that slumber anthem of a childhood
long ago.

There were goblins in the gloaming and the half-closed
eyes went roaming

Through the twilight for the ghostly shapes of buga-
boos along;

Now the sandman's slyly creeping and a tired lad half
sleeping

When she sings to him that

Sleepy little,

Creepy little,

Song.

I am sitting here and dreaming with the mellow lamp-
light streaming

Through the vine-embowered window in a yellow
filigree;

On the fragrant air come winging vagrant notes of
woman's singing;

'Tis the slumber song of childhood that is murmur-
ing to me,

And some subtle fancy creeping lulls my senses half
to sleeping

As the misty shapes of bugaboos go dreamily along,
All my sorrows disappearing, as a tired lad I'm hearing

Once again my mother's

Sleepy little,

Creepy little,

Song.

A LITTLE LOVE STORY

SHE understands. I do not need to go
And tell her she is all the world to me.
I never speak a word to let her know
I will be faithful till Eternity,
But when, upon the way to school, she sees
Me come with two red apples in my hands
And hears me say: "Please, Sally Jane, take these,"
It is no wonder that she understands.

Or when she sees me at the old front gate
With my new sled right after the first snow,
And from her window calls to me to wait
Until she asks her Mother can she go,
I do not need to tell her why I come
In my fur cap with mittens on my hands,
For even if my feelings make me dumb
She looks at me and then she understands.

A LITTLE LOVE STORY

Or if she whispers something when in school,
As children are quite often apt to do,
Forgetting all about the teacher's rule,
And teacher says to Sally: "Was that you?"
Why then I see how scared she is and rise
Up in my seat and hold up both my hands
And take the blame—she looks into my eyes—
I do not need to speak—she understands.

Or if she has the measles so I dare
Not go up to her house, but I can look
In through the window and she sees me there,
And if I bring a dandy story book
And leave it on the fence post where the nurse
Can come and take it in, and if my hands
Have written, "Dear, I hope you'll be no worse,"
I do not need to speak—she understands.

I do not need to tell her how I feel—
She only has to watch the things I do;
She knows my heart is true to her as steel,
And if it rains or if the sky is blue
I wait for her to walk to school with me,
And carry all her schoolbooks in my hands,
And I am just as happy as can be,
And so is she—because she understands.

GROWN UP?

I BEEN lookin' f'r some children
Thet I used t' know;
Used t' see 'em in th' papers
Twenty year ago;
Thought I used t' hear 'em playin'
Right around my door;
Have y' seen 'em—Riley's children?
Don't they play no more?

Say, but them was really children;
An' I used to read
About Annie—Orfant Annie—
An' I often seed
One of 'em, I thought, a-singin'
Right around my door;
But I haven't seen 'em lately—
Don't they sing no more?

GROWN UP?

W'y, I've set an' read about 'em
An' it almos' seemed
They was yourn or mine, a-mebbe,
But I mus' 'a' dreamed.
An' I thought I see one standin'
With her dress all tore,
An' her golden hair all tangled—
Don't they play no more?

W'y o' course—I wasn't thinkin'—
They're all growed up now,
It was years ago I knowed 'em,
But it seems, somehow,
Them 'ud allus be but children;
Might a-knowed afore
Thet them children—Riley's children—
Won't come back no more!

SOMEBODY DID

SOMEBODY stood up right on top of a chair
An' reached in the cooky-jar, way, way up there,
W'en nobody's lookin' an' Mamma's asleep,
An' all of us chinnern wuz playin' bo-peep
Now'eres near the pantry; an' tryin to get
Some cookies, an' someway the jar got upset,
An' my! it 'ist busted all over the floor.
But John, he ain't scairt; an' he rapped on the door,
W'ile all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,
An' 'en he says: "Ma, see w'at Somebody did!"

An' all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,
'Cuz we don't know who done it—but Somebody did!

SOMEBODY DID

Somebody crawled up in the big leather chair
By the lib'ary table w'at stood over there
W'en we wuz a-playin' now'eres near the ink
An' Mamma was sewin'—an' w'at do you think?
Somebody upset it and knocked it, 'st Chug!
Right off'n the table an' down on the rug,
An' my! it 'ist busted an' runned everyw'eres.
But John, he ain't scairt; an' he runned right upstairs,
W'ile all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,
An' 'en he says: "Ma, see w'at Somebody did!"

An' all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,
'Cuz we don't know who done it, but Somebody did!

An' wunst w'en the kitchen wuz all scrubbed so clean,
The floor wuz 'ist shiny as ever you seen,
An' we wuz all playin' outdoors in the street,
Somebody went in with the muddies' feet
An' tracked it all over the floor, 'ist a sight;
An' my! when we seen it we 'ist shook with fright,
'Cuz none of us chinnern went near it all day.
But John, he ain't scairt; an' he went right away,
W'ile all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,
An' 'en he says: "Ma, see w'at Somebody did!"

An' all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,
'Cuz we don't know who done it—but Somebody did!

LEST I FORGET

WHEN from my earliest abode in boyhood's merry
days I strode,
Oh, well do I remember how my mother came—I see
her now—
And, standing in the old front door, repeated to me
o'er and o'er:

“Oh, William, don't do this and that, and William, wear
your other hat.
Please, William, don't forget my note, and William,
wear your overcoat.
And William, hurry on your way, or you'll be late
to school today.”
And far and long as I could hear her admonitions to
my ear
Came floating on, repeated yet, lest I forget, lest I
forget.

LEST I FORGET

When from my lessons, shirked or done, came home-
ward I at waning sun,
Oh, well do I remember how my mother came—I see
her now—
And greeted me at that front door with admonitions
o'er and o'er:

“Oh, William, don't do this and that, and wipe your
feet upon the mat,
And do not slam the door and wake the baby, William,
and please take
This package down to Howe and Hatch and tell them
that it doesn't match,
And don't forget to hurry back, because the kitchen fire
is slack;”
And far and long as I could hear her admonitions to
my ear
Came floating on, repeated yet, lest I forget, lest I
forget.

I'm married now—at man's estate, and yet, quite mourn-
ful to relate,
My wife it is who, as before, comes with me to the new
front door,
And standing there, bombards me for a block or two,
and o'er and o'er:

LEST I FORGET

“Oh, William, don’t you wet your feet, and William,
don’t forget the meat,
And William, don’t forget to mail my letter promptly,
and don’t fail
To pay the ice bill, order wood; and William, would
you be so good
As to stop in at Jones’ store and get a bit of ribbon
for
The baby’s hair?”—and so ’tis yet—lest I forget—lest
I forget!

IN VACATION TIME

THERE'S a hole in his hat with the hair sticking
through,
And a toe that peeps out from a hole in his shoe;
There's a patch in his trousers, a darn in his hose,
And a freckle that tilts on the bridge of his nose;
But oh, in his heart there's the glimmer and shine
Of a sun that I wish could be shining in mine.

There's a smudge on his face that is dusty and dark,
But a song in his heart like the song of a lark;
There's a rent in his coat where the lining shows
through,
But the whistle he tunes to the wild bird is true;
And, oh, in his heart, with a sparkle like wine,
Is a gladness I wish could be sparkling in mine.

IN VACATION TIME

There's an imp in his hair that may keep it awry,
But a twinkle so rare in the blue of his eye;
There's an uneven slant of his trousers, made fast
With a nail through their tops, for a button won't last;
But deep in his heart lies a spring cool and fine
Of good cheer that I wish could be bubbling in mine.

There's a tan on his cheeks where the flush of health
glows,
And the skin has all peeled from the tip of his nose;
His pockets are bulged with tops, marbles, and strings,
With jack-knives and other uncountable things;
But the brooks and the woods bring a music divine
To his ears that I wish they were bringing to mine.

SO LONESOME NOW.

O VER t' Henry Murray's, why,
They always had lots an' lots o' pie,
An' toy automobiles an' v'locipedes
An' walkin' toys, like a fellow reads
About sometimes, but he seldom sees,
An' swings out under th' big oak trees,
An' childurn a-playin' on every bough—
But my! It is turrible lonesome now.

Over t' Henry Murray's, why,
His mother an' father 'ist seemed t' try
An' see if they couldn't get some new toys
For Henry an' all of us other boys
'At played with him; an' she used t' make
Th' dandiest currant an' raisin cake,
An' boys 'ist flocked there like flies, somehow—
But my! It is turrible lonesome now.

SO LONESOME NOW

Over t' Henry Murray's, why,
His mother 'ud see you goin' by
An' ast you why you didn't come an' play
With Henry an' all of his toys, some day,
An' every Christmas she'd have a tree
With presents, th' finest you ever see,
An' nobody got forgot, somehow—
But my! It is turrible lonesome now.

An' over t' Henry Murray's, why,
We boys 'ist look while we're goin' by,
An' see all his toys layin' there outside.
Once Big Bill Skinner broke down an' cried
An' says he don't care—it was 'ist too bad,
'Cause Henry was all of th' boy they had.
An' th' swings 'ist hang from th' big oak bough—
An' my! It is turrible lonesome now.

AFTER THE YEARS

WHEN you went back to the old home place had the
mountain become a hill?
Had the raging river your boyhood knew shrunk down
to a peaceful rill?
Were the monster trees in the old front yard but half
of their former size?
Was something gone—and you don't know what—from
the blue of the arching skies?
Was the swimming-hole but a muddy pool where once
it was crystal clear?
Were the apples but half as big and red as they were in
that other year?

AFTER THE YEARS

When you went back to the old home place did the red
barn seem so small
It didn't look like the one you'd known? Was the
mighty waterfall
That used to roar in your boyish ears but a little dash
of spray
That fell so light you could hardly hear a dozen feet
away?
Were the corn rows only half as long as they were in
the long ago,
When you measured them with aching arms and the
weight of a heavy hoe?

When you went back to the old home place had the
mill pond dwindled down?
Was Main Street only a muddy track in the heart of a
sleepy town?
And the well that was fathoms, fathoms deep, with its
wheel and creaking chain,
Did it seem to you like a shrunken thing when you
looked at it again?
Was something gone of the bygone days, from the sod
and the arch of sky
That we used to see when we played as boys in the
old days—you and I?

AFTER THE YEARS

Nay, Heart, the mountain rises high as it did of yore ;
the rill
Was a river once and the boys near by see a raging
river still.
The well is fathoms, fathoms deep and the apples ripe
and red ;
The sod is cool and green and soft, and the sky up
overhead
Is blue and clear, and the days are rare and glad as
they used to be—
But where is the Heart of the olden time—hast thou
brought it back with thee?

THE TOYS OF YESTERYEAR

PRAY, where are the toys of the Yesteryear :
The jumping-jack with its flaring red,
The fuzzy dog and the antlered deer,
The drum with its sticks and tuneful head,
The Noah's ark with its wooden crew,
The building blocks with the letters on?
The child has toys that are bright and new,
But where, pray where, have the old friends gone?

Somewhere in the attic in corner dark
The jumping-jack and the split drum lie,
The wooden crew of the Noah's ark
And the tin of the battered infantry.
There, half by the rubbish and dust concealed,
The fuzzy dog and the wooden deer,
The building blocks with their colors peeled
Half off ; and the stringless top is here.

THE TOYS OF YESTERYEAR

Pray, where are the toys of the Yesteryear,
The gaudy dreams with their colors gay,
The castled hopes that were passing dear,
The joys of our boyhood's merry play?
The man has toys that are bright and new,
On the wreck of dreams new dreams appear,
But where are the hopes of the flaring hue
That were our toys of the Yesteryear?

Somewhere in the darkness the dead dreams fade,
The broken idol and shattered vase,
The castled hopes in their ruins laid
Come here to a common trysting place.
Half hid by the rubbish and dust of days
The wrecks of unnumbered dreams are here
That made us glad in a hundred ways,
And these are the toys of the Yesteryear.

SOME GIRLS THAT MAMMA KNEW

MY Mamma says 'at once 'ere was
A little girl she knew
Who went an' cried, an' 'ist because—
Because she wanted to;
An' w'ile her face was all askew
The wind changed, so they say,
An' Mamma told me 'at it 's true,
Her face 'ist staid 'at way!
An' w'en she told me 'at, w'y nen
I said I'll never cry again.

My Mamma said 'at once she heard
A little girl like me
Tell 'ist one fib, an' says, my word!
Her Mamma looked to see
W'ere was her tongue, an' goodness me!
Her mouth was 'ist all bare,
An' w'ere her tongue 'ud ought to be
There wasn't any there!
An' w'en she told me 'at, w'y nen
I said I'll never fib again!

SOME GIRLS THAT MAMMA KNEW

My Mamma knew a little girl
 'At used to run away
W'en her dear mother 'd start to curl
 Her hair; an' one fine day
Some gypsies took her off, somehow,
 An' stole her from her home,
An' my! Her hair is awful now,
 'Cause gypsies never comb!
 An' since she told me 'at, w'y nen
 I never runned away again!

An' never don't make fun, she says,
 Of folks 'at's blind or lame,
Or got red hair or warts, unless
 You want to be the same.
'Cause lots of times it happens so
 An' surely if you do.
You never, never, never know
 What's going to happen you.
 An' since she told me 'at, w'y nen
 I never don't make fun again.

WHAT MOTHER DOESN'T KNOW

SOMETIMES w'en I got to pile wood in the yard,
'Tst wringin' with sweat 'cuz I'm workin' so hard
An' see all the neighbors' boys startin' to fish,
I can't hardly work any more, an' I wish
'At I wuz a-goin' an 'en right away
I run 'an' ast Ma if I can't go today,
An' she says to me 'en: "Johnny Jones, you can run
Off an' fish 'ist as soon as your work is all done.

You must work while you work,
You must play while you play
An' 'en you'll be happy for many a day"
An' mebbe it's so,
But my goodness! to go
With the boys 'at's gone fishin'!—I guess she dunno!

WHAT MOTHER DOESN'T KNOW

Sometimes w'en I got to hoe garden an' hear
The boys playin' ball in the next lot, so near
I hear 'em all cheerin' an' see 'em all score,
I can't hardly stand it to hoe any more.
So 'en I ast Ma if I can't go an' play
An' promise to hoe twict as much the next day,
But she says to me 'en: "Johnny Jones, you can run
Off an' play 'ist as soon as your work is all done.

You must work while you work,
You must play while you play
An' 'en you'll be happy for many-a day"
An' mebbe it's so,
But, my goodness! to hoe
W'en you hear 'em a-playin'! I guess she dunno.

Sometimes w'en the snow gets all piled up so deep
On the walk 'at she tells me to go out 'an sweep
It all off, an' Sam Russell comes by with his sled,
My broom 'at I'm usin' gets heavy as lead.
An' I can't hardly sweep, an' I ast Ma if I
Can't go out a-slidin' an' sweep by an' by,
But she says to me 'en: "Johnny Jones, you can run
Off an' slide 'ist as soon as your work is all done.

WHAT MOTHER DOESN'T KNOW

You must work while you work,
You must play while you play
An' 'en you'll be happy for many a day"
An' mebbe it's so,
But to have to sweep snow
W'en the boys are a-slidin'!—I guess she dunno.

CONSCIOUS IGNORANCE

I 'M only 'ist a little girl,
An' w'en I want to play
An' Mamma says don't go outside
Our yard this livelong day,
An' w'en some other girls 'ey come
An' pester me to go,
It may be wrong, but I'm so young,
How does she s'pose I know?

An' 'en w'en she goes out sometimes
An' says: "Now go to bed
At eight o'clock this very night,"
I 'member what she said.
But w'en the mantel clock strikes eight
An' I don't want to go,
It may be wrong, but I'm so young,
How does she s'pose I know?

CONSCIOUS IGNORANCE

An' w'en she says: "Now, don't go near
The cookie jar this day,"
I want some cookies awful much
An' try to stay away.
But all the time I'm hungry for
Some cookies, an' I go—
It may be wrong, but I'm so young,
How does she s'pose I know?

I'm only ist a little girl
Not more 'n six years old,
An' my, I always try to do
E'zactly as I'm told.
But w'en I make 'ist one mistake,
My Ma ought not to go
An' punish me, 'cause I'm so young,
How does she s'pose I know?

GONE

HE fell in a puddle and muddied his dress,
He struck little Bob with a hammer, I guess;
He cut sister's curls with a big pair of shears
And left ragged edges down over her ears;
He muddied the floor that was just scrubbed so clean,
He lighted a match near the canned gasoline,
He broke all his soldiers and smashed all his toys,
And yet we forgave him, for boys will be boys.

He singed the cat's whiskers and cut off his tail
And then turned it loose with its discordant wail;
He dropped bread and jelly upon a big chair
And thought of it only when Auntie sat there;
He sheared the pet poodle one midwinter day,
His father is frantic, his mother is gray,
His Aunt and his Grandma protest at his noise,
And then all forgive him, for boys will be boys.

GONE

He clamors for cookies, for jelly and jam,
He shuts ne'er a door, but he gives it a slam,
He dabbles in paint, be it red, blue or green;
He loves to play hob with the sewing machine;
And then—well, he's gone into trousers and vests,
For years must be passing and time never rests,
And some day we look at a picture—and then
We wish—strange it is—that we had him again.

SONG OF SUMMER DAYS

SING a song of hollow logs,
Chirp of cricket, croak of frogs,
Cry of wild bird, hum of bees,
Dancing leaves and whisp'ring trees;
Legs all bare and dusty toes,
Ruddy cheeks and freckled nose,
Splash of brook and swish of line,
Where the song that's half so fine?

Sing a song of summer days,
Leafy nooks and shady ways,
Nodding roses, apples red,
Clover like a carpet spread;
Sing a song of running brooks,
Cans of bait and fishing hooks,
Dewy hollows, yellow moons,
Birds a-pipe with merry tunes.

SONG OF SUMMER DAYS

Sing a song of skies of blue,
Eden's garden made anew,
Scarlet hedges, leafy lanes,
Vine-embowered sills and panes;
Stretch of meadows, splashed with dew,
Silver clouds with sunlight through,
Cry of loon and pipe of wren,
Sing and call it home again.

A SONG OF MOTHERHOOD

SEW, sew, sew! For there's many a rent to mend;
There's a stitch to take and a dress to make,
For where do her labors end?
Sew, sew, sew! For a rent in a dress she spies,
Then it's needle and thread and an aching head
And see how the needle flies!

Brush, brush, brush! For there's many a boy to clean,
And start to school with a slate and rule,
With a breakfast to get between.
Comb, comb, comb! In the minute she has to spare,
For what is so wild—unreconciled
As the wastes of a youngster's hair?

A SONG OF MOTHERHOOD

Sweep, sweep, sweep! Oh, follow the flashing broom,
And with towel bound her forehead round
She goes from room to room.
Dust, dust, dust! As down on her knees she kneels,
For there's much to do in the hour or two
Of interval 'twixt meals.

Bake, bake, bake! For the cookie jar piled high
But yesterday in some curious way
Is empty again, O my!
Stir, stir, stir, in the froth of yellow and white,
For well she knows how the story goes
Of a small boy's appetite.

Scrub, scrub, scrub! For the floor that was spick and
span,
Alas, alack! has a muddy track
Where some thoughtless youngster ran.
Splash, splash, splash! For the dishes of thrice a day
Are piled up high to wash and dry
And put on the shelves away.

A SONG OF MOTHERHOOD

Patch, patch, patch! And oh for a pantaloon
That would not tear or rip or wear
In the course of an afternoon!
Patch, patch, patch! And see how the needle flies,
For a mother knows how the fabric goes
Where the seat of trouble lies.

Toil, toil, toil! For when do her labors end,
With a dress to make and a cake to bake
And dresses and hose to mend?
Stew, stew, stew! Fret and worry and fuss,
And who of us knows of the frets and woes
In the days when she mothered us?

THE NEIGHBOR'S BOYS

SOMEbody shot our cat's eye out,
An' stole our gate an' just about
Scared Aunt Sophia Jane to death
So's she could hardly get her breath
By puttin' on some sheets, all white,
'At just gave her a turble fright,
An' who on earth do you suppose
Put on them big, white ghostes' clothes
An' made that turble screechy noise?—
The neighbor's boys!

An' every night it's dark, you know,
Somebody plays some tick-tack-toe
On folkeses' windows what's a-scared,
An' just as if they never cared
If they get caught or not, an' when
You're gone to bed they come again
Until you're just so nervous you
Don't hardly know just what to do;
And who makes such a scary noise?
The neighbor's boys.

THE NEIGHBOR'S BOYS

An' 'en somebody tears your clothes
An' skins your face an' hurts your nose
 Until it bleeds, an' then your Ma
 Says 'at she never, never saw
Such heathen youngsters, an' they come
An' break your sled an' pound your drum
 Until it busts, an' wont go 'way,
 It ain't no matter what you say,
 An' they're the ones 'at break your toys—
 The neighbor's boys.

An' my, it's funny, 'cause, you know,
You ain't the only ones 'at's so.
 'Cause all the next door neighbors say
 It seems e'zactly the same way,
An' when their boys gets hurted so's
It gives 'em turble bloody nose,
 An' some one shoots their cat's eye out,
 An' plays tick-tack, they know about
 Who does it an' who makes the noise—
 The neighbor's boys!

NERVOUSTOWN

O H, there's never a noise in Nervoustown;
Not the cry of a youngster; and up or down
There's never a cheer or a whistle shrill;
Just silence, like that of the grave, so still;
The horses trot with a muffled tread,
But the place seems lonesome and drear and dead,
For a cloth-bound head and a nervous frown
Are all you may see in Nervoustown.

Sh-h! you must walk with noiseless tread
For there's many a hot and aching head;
The doors are closed and the blinds are down,
For it must be dark in Nervoustown.
And you mustn't whistle or shout or cheer
Or slam the doors! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!
Lest a cloth-bound head and a terrible frown
Poke out at you from Nervoustown.

NERVOUSTOWN

Oh, there's never a person there but goes
On the very tip of his tippy-toes;
Nor ever a lad has heard at all
Of follow-my-leader or rude baseball;
It's much as your life is worth to yell,
The flowers can't grow for the camphor-smell;
While a big policeman, up and down,
Cries "Sh-h!" through the streets of Nervoustown.

And a little boy, who didn't know,
Once years and years and years ago,
Gave three loud, lusty cheers one day
For something or other, I can't say,
And they snipped his head off—Oh! Oh! Oh!
With big, red, rusty shears, you know,
And cloth-bound heads bobbed up and down,
With gladness all through Nervoustown.

NERVOUSTOWN

But, oh, it's gloomy in Nervoustown,
With the doors tight shut and the blinds all down,
Where the frightened lad his whole life goes,
On the very tips of his tippy-toes,
Where the hens don't cluck and the birds don't sing.
And even the church bells dare not ring
Lest a cloth-bound head with a terrible frown
Poke out at them from Nervoustown.,

A QUIET AFTERNOON

MY Mamma, she did go to call about an hour ago,
An' said if I ain't bad at all an' staid at
home with Flo,
Which is the maid that cooks for us, she'd bring me
something good,
But if I'm one bit misschefuss she didn't think she
would.

An' my! I'm still, 'ist like a mouse. I never went out-
doors.,
But 'ist sat down, inside the house, an' took her bureau
drawers
An' emptied 'em 'ist one by one, an' w'en they're emp-
tied 'en
I 'ist looked through what's there for fun an' put 'em
back again!

A QUIET AFTERNOON

An' 'en I found the nicest ink, an' one of 'em was red,
An' one was black an' 'en I think I spilt some on the
bed,
But my! I wiped it up 'ist so, an' sopped it with a quilt
So clean you wouldn't hardly know it's ever once
been spilt.

Well, 'en I looked up on the shelf an' found her scissors
there
An' got 'em down all by myself an' cut off all my hair,
'Tuz I don't think it's nice for girls like me 'at's almost
through
First reader to wear such a curls like Mamma makes
me do.

'En Flo gave me some bread and jam, 'tuz I 'ist cried
and cried
'Ist tuz I'm hungry now, I am, an' 'en I went inside,
An' maybe I did let it lay around the room some-
where,
'Tus Flo came in to watch me play and squashed it on a
chair.

A QUIET AFTERNOON

An' after while I wish my Ma would 'ist come back,
she would,
'Tuz my, I'm gettin' drefful tired of simply bein' good.
My eyes, 'ey're 'ist so full of sand an' heavy, 'ist like
lead,
Oh-ho! I dess it's Sleepyland! I dess I'll go to bed!

A MODERN MIRACLE

O NCE w'en I'm sick th' doctor come
An' 'en I put my tongue 'way out,
An' he says, "H-m-m! Nurse, get me some
Warm water, please." An' in about
A minute, w'y, she did an' 'en
He put a glass thing into it
An' 'en he wiped it off again
An' put it in my mouth a bit.

'En after w'ile he took it out
An' held it up w'ere he could see,
An' 'en he says, "H-m-m! 'Ist about
Too high a half of a degree."
An' 'en Ma asked him if I'm bad
An' he says "Nope!" 'Ist gruff an' cross
'An says "W'y you can't kill a lad,
An' if you do it ain't much loss!"

A MODERN MIRACLE

An' 'en she's mad an' he 'ist bust
Out laughin' an' he says, "Don't fret,
He's goin' t' be all right, I trust.
W'y he ain't even half dead yet."
An' 'en he felt my pulse, 'at way,
An' patted me up on my head
An' says "There ain't no school today,
'Cuz one of th' trustees is dead!"

An' my, I'm awful sorry w'en
He told me that. An' 'en he said
"He'll be all right by noon." An' 'en
He went away. An' Ma says "Ned,
How do you feel?" An' 'en, you know,
Since Doctor told me that, somehow,
I'm awful sick a while ago,
But, my! I'm almost well right now!

DOUGHNUTTING TIME

Wunst w'en our girl wuz makin' pies an' dough-nuts— 'ist a lot—

We stood around with great, big eyes, 'cuz we boys like 'em hot;

An' w'en she dropped 'em in the lard they sizzled 'ist like fun.

An' w'en she takes 'em out it's hard to keep from takin' one.

An' 'en she says: "You boys 'll get all spattered up with grease,

An' biumby she says she'll let us have 'ist one apiece;

So I took one for me an' one for little James McBride,

The widow's only orfunt son 'at's waitin' there outside.

An' Henry, he took one 'ist for himself an' Nellie Flynn,

'At's waitin' at the kitchen door an' dassent to come in

Becuz her mother told her not, an' Johnny, he took two,

'Cuz Amy Brennan likes 'em hot, 'ist like we chinnern do.

DOUGHNUTTING TIME

'En Henry happened 'ist to think he didn't get a one
For little Ebenezer Brink, the carpet beater's son,
Who never gets 'em home becuz he says he ain't quite
sure

But thinks perhaps the reason wuz his folkeses are too
poor.

An' 'en I give my own away to little Willie Beggs
'At fell way down his stairs one day an' give him
crooked legs,

'Cuz Willie always seems to know w'en our girl's goin'
to bake,

He wouldn't ast for none—oh, no! But, my! he's fond
of cake.

So I went back an' 'en I got another one for me
Right out the kettle, smokin' hot an' brown as it could
be,

An' John, he got one, too, becuz he give his own to
Clare,

An' w'en our girl, she looked, there wuz 'ist two small
doughnuts there!

DOUGHNUTTING TIME

My! She wuz angry w'en she looked an' saw 'ist them
two there.

An' says she knew 'at she had 'cooked a crock full an' to
spare,

She says it's awful 'scouragin' to bake an' fret an' fuss,
An' w'en she thinks she's got 'em in the crock they're
all in us!

THE SECRET

THERE'S a little word called "Sweetheart"; it's
as old as heaven's blue;
'Tis the sweetest word e'er spoken and its joy is ever
new;
It was Love's first murmured message, spoken in the
ears of Love,
When the Earth took shape from nothing and the blue
sky arched above;
It has come through Time unmeasured; it has lived
unnumbered years;
It was born of smiles and laughter and has dried
Grief's countless tears;
It's the magic soul of Music and the living fire of Art,
And I've chosen it to give thee—just that little word—
"Sweetheart."

THE SECRET

Ah, the aching hearts and heavy it has bidden hear and
smile;
It has bidden Youth be merry and has cheered the
Afterwhile
Of the years to peace and gladness and the dreary days
and long
Are forgotten in the glory of its whispered evensong.
It has made the heart go leaping of the schoolboy at
his play;
It has filled with gladder dreaming all the sunshine
of his day;
It has bridged world-sundered chasms and has played
the noblest part
In the life and strife of being—just that little word—
“Sweetheart.”

It has cheered the eve of battles; it has fired the Heart
of Dawn;
It has braved the mouth of cannon and has borne war's
banners on;
It has lured the soldier Deathward, where the scarp
was red and steep;
It has trembled like a blessing on the ashen lips of
Sleep;
It has hushed the cry of children; it has fired the souls
of men,
Beaten back on shores of Failure to be bold and strong
again;
In the hermit's cloistered silence or in Traffic's busy
mart,
It is of all, in all, through all—just that little word.
“Sweetheart.”

THE SECRET

And forever and forever through the endlessness of
Time,
It shall hallow song and story and shall be the soul
of rhyme;
It shall be a part of Being, much as heartbeat, much as
breath,
It shall be the joy of living and the overthrow of
Death;
So I bid thee kneel and listen till I whisper thee the
key,
Till I tell thee why is Labor, Life, Love, Death, and
Mystery;
Hut or palace, serf or master, clod or genius, toil or
art,
It is of all, in all, through all—just that little word
“Sweetheart.”

THE DELUSION OF GHOSTS

SOMETIMES when I got to do errands at night
An' th' moon is all dark an' th' aint any light,
An' th' wind, when it blows, makes a shivery sound,
An' everything seems awful still all around;
Sometimes when a hoot-owl goes "Woo-oo-oo-oo!"
My legs feel so funny; I'm all goose-flesh, too.
An' maybe I'm startled when I hear it call,
But I ain't a bit scairt; I'm thes' nervous, that's all.

Oncet me an' Joe Simpson wuz walkin' one night
A' past th' old graveyard, an' saw somethin' white
'Et looked like a ghost, standin' right in th' road,
An' my, Joe wuz scairt! 'Cuz he said 'et he knowed
It wuz surely a ghost; an' I wisseled, becuz
When you wissel you scare 'em; an' all that it wuz
Wuz a great, big, white cow; an' it thes' walked away,
An' I wuzn't no more scairt 'n if it wuz day!

THE DELUSION OF GHOSTS

'Cuz I don't b'lieve in ghosts, an' I'd thes' as lieve go
A' past any graveyard an' walk awful slow,
An' wissel, an' sit on th' top of th' fence,
'Cuz th' aint any ghosts if you got any sense.
An' when we saw that big white thing by th' road
'Et Joe wuz so scairt of, I wuzn't. I knowed
All th' time it's no ghost. I wuz nervous becuz
I knowed what it 'wuzn't, but not what it wuz!

A STORY OF SELF-SACRIFICE

POP took me to the circus 'cause it disappoints me so
To have to stay at home, although he doesn't care
to go;
He's seen it all so many times, the wagons and the
tents;
The cages of wild animals and herds of elephants;
This morning he went down with me to watch the big
parade.
He was so dreadful busy that he oughtn't to have
staid,
He said he'd seen it all before and all the reason he
Went down and watched it coming was because it's new
to me.

Then we walked to the circus grounds and Pop he
says: "I guess
You want a glass of lemonade, of course," and I says:
"Yes."
And he bought one for each of us, and when he drank
his he
Told me he drank it only just to keep me company;
And then he says, "The sideshow is, I s'pose, the same
old sell,
But everybody's goin' in, so we might just as well."
He said he'd seen it all before, and all the reason he
Went in and saw it was because it was all new to me.

A STORY OF SELF-SACRIFICE

Well, by and by we both came out and went in the
big tent,
And saw the lions and tigers and the bigges' elephant
With chains on his front corner and an awful funny
nose
That looks around for peanuts that the crowd of people
throws;
And Pop, he bought some peanuts and it curled its nose
around
Until it found most every one that he threw on the
ground;
He said he'd seen it all before, and all the reason he
Stayed there and threw 'em was because it was all new
to me.

Well, then the band began to play the liveliestest tune,
And Pop, he says he guessed the show would open
pretty soon;
So we went in the other tent, and Pop, he says to me:
"I guess we'll get some reserved seats so you will surely
see."
And then some lovely ladies came and stood there on
the ground,
And jumped up on the horses while the horses ran
around;
Pop said he'd seen it all before, and all the reason he
Looked at the ladies was because it was all new to me.

A STORY OF SELF-SACRIFICE

Well, finally it's over, but a man come out to say
That they're going to have a concert, and Pop said we'd
better stay;
He said they're always just the same and always such
a sell,
But lots of folks was staying and he guessed we might
as well.
Then by and by we're home again, and Mamma wants
to know
What kind of circus was it, and Pop said, "The same
old show,"
And said he'd seen it all before and all the reason he
Had stayed and seen it all was 'cause it's all so new to
me.

A DISCOURAGED KINDERGARTNER

'I S mornin' mamma told me
'At I mus' be awful dood,
'Tuz I'm startin' on my schooldays
An' I promised her I would.
But I'm awful much 'scouraged
'Tuz I tried so hard to det
All the lessons teacher gave me,
But I tant read yet!

My! it's awful long till dinner,
An' I couldn't hardly wait
W'en I dot done wif my letters
An' I wrote 'em on my slate,
An' I'm 'shamed to tell my mamma
'At I dess sne'll have to let
Me go back again tomorrow,
'Tuz I tant read yet.

A DISCOURAGED KINDERGARTNER

She'll be awful disappointed,
'Tuz I've been there half a day,
An' she'll think I didn't study
Or it wouldn't be that way.
But I don't s'pose I tan help it,
An' it does no dood to fret,
'Tuz I've been to school all mornin'
An' I tant read yet.

I dess our teacher's stupid,
'Tuz she didn't seem to care
W'en I went right up an' told her
W'ere she's sittin' in her chair,
'At I'm awful much 'iscouraged
An' my mamma she would fret
'Tuz I've been to school all mornin'
An' I tant read yet.

An' 'en she started laughin',
'Ist as true as I'm alive,
An' ast how old I am, an' 'en
I told her half past five,
An' 'en she tame an' tised me,
'Tuz my eyes are dettin' wet,
An' told me not to worry
'Tuz I tant read yet.

A DISCOURAGED KINDERGARTNER

I dess if she had Mother Goose
She'd be 'isturbed herself,
If she 'ud go an' det it
Down f'm off th' lib'ry shelf,
An' 'en w'en it is open,
I dess she's apt to fret
If she's been to school all mornin'
An' she tant read yet!

A BOY'S CHOICE.

I 'D ruther take a w'ippin' an' a scoldin' any day,
'Cuz a w'ippin' makes you tingle, but you go right
out an' play,
An' after w'ile you're over it an' 'en at dinner, w'y,
Your mother's awful sorry an' she brings a piece of pie
An' says she hates to do it, 'cuz it hurts her 'ist as bad
As it does anybody w'en she w'ips her little lad.

An' 'en at night she kisses you an' puts you into bed
An' tucks the covers in an' says you're Mamma's Tur-
ly-head,
An' my! she's 'ist so lovely! An' she sits beside of you
'Ist 'cuz she feels so sorry over w'at she had to do.
An' 'en she leaves the candle burn an' says for you to
call
If you want anything from her, an' you ain't scairt at
all!

A BOY'S CHOICE

But w'en you get a scoldin' she don't never bring you
pie,
Becuz you'll surely break her heart; an' 'en she starts
to cry;
An' my! you feel so sorry, an' you wisht she wouldn't,
'cuz
It shows you how you've grieved her an' how turble
bad you wuz.
An' all day long she never smiles; an' w'en you go
to bed
She never leaves the candle burn or calls you Turly-
head.

An' sometimes you see big, w'ite things a-lookin' at
your bed,
'At makes you scairt an' pull the covers up above your
head,
An' 'en you s'pose how would you feel if Mamma wuz
to die,
An' biumby you feel so bad 'at you 'ist start to cry.
So w'en she looks at you so hurt an' talks to you 'at
way—
I'd ruther take a w'ippin' 'an a scoldin' any day!

A BOY'S VACATION TIME.

HAIL, that long awaited day
When, the school books laid away,
All the thoughts of merry youngsters turn from pages
back to play!
Done with lesson and with rule,
Done with teacher and with school,
Stray the vagrant hearts of childhood to the tempting
wood and pool!

Who will tell in rune and rhyme
Of the glory and the grime
In the dusty lanes and byways of a boy's vacation time?
Hark, the whistle and the cry
That is piping shrill and high
From the chorus of glad youngsters trooping riotously
by!

A BOY'S VACATION TIME

Say, did sun e'er brightly shine
As when, with his rod and line
Tramps the barefoot lad a-fishing, and the water clear
and fine!

Sweet the murmur of the trees,
And what glory now he sees
In the chatter of the wild birds and the buzz of bum-
ble-bees!

Hear the green woods cry and call,
Through the Summer to the Fall,
"We are waiting, waiting, waiting, with a welcome for
you all!"

Hear the lads take up the cry,
With an echo, shrill and high:
"We are coming, coming, coming, for vacation time is
nigh!"

How the skies are blue and fair,
How the clover scents the air
With a witchery of fragrance that is delicate and rare!
How the blossoms bud and blow,
And the great waves flood and flow
In the ocean of boy happiness, like billows, to and fro!

A BOY'S VACATION TIME

Ah, my heart goes back and sighs
When the piping calls and cries
From the hearts of merry youngsters like a song of
triumph rise!
And I would that rune and rhyme
Might be splendid and sublime
In my heart to tell the story of a boy's vacation time!

THE DESPAIRING MUSE.

SOMEBODY has stolen the old garden gate,
The millwheel has gone to decay,
The old oaken bucket is missing of late,
It must have been taken away.
The little red school house is wrecked and torn down
Neglected its sad ruins lie,
The moths have quite eaten up grandmother's gown,
The old swimming hole has gone dry.

Somebody has taken the old trundle bed,
And broken the old cookie jar,
The old milking stool in its wreckage is spread
Out there where the chopping blocks are;
The old lilac bushes that grew in the yard
Are pulled up and missing somehow;
Ah me, but the prospect is bitter and hard,
For what shall we write about now?

THE DESPAIRING MUSE

The old rustic bridge is a wreck by the brook,
They've paid off the mortgage, I see,
Whose trials and tears have filled many a book,
And cut down the old apple tree ;
The old dry goods box at the grocery store
Is split into kindlings at last,
The day of the Neighborhood Poet is o'er,
His verses are things of the past.

The old log and dead that was there by the creek
Has fallen down into the stream,
No more may we sit there and patiently seek
To weave the old days in a dream ;
The old attic bedroom's a thing of the past,
The old iron pump is no more,
And here by the kitchen we stand quite aghast :
They've pulled up the old cellar door !

THE DESPAIRING MUSE

The old cottage organ is hopelessly lost,
The rain barrel's gone to decay,
The old stepping stones we so frequently crossed
Somebody has taken away.
They've rebuilt the house, so old-fashioned and queer,
And butchered the old brindle cow;
Ah, Muse, let us go! We are not welcome here!
But what shall we write about now?

THE WAY HE USED TO DO

SOMETIMES when I come in at night
And take my shoes off at the stair,
I hear my pop turn on the light
And holler: "William, are you there?"
And then he says: "You go to bed—
I knew that stealthy step was you."
And I asked how and then he said:
"'Cause that's the way I used to do."

Sometimes when I come home at six
O'clock and hurry up my chores,
And get a big armful of sticks
Of wood and bring it all indoors,
My pop he comes and feels my head
And says: "You've been in swimmin'—you!"
When I asked how he knew he said:
"'Cause that's the way I used to do."

THE WAY HE USED TO DO

Sometimes before a circus comes,
 When I'm as willing as can be
To do my chores, and all my chums
 They all take turns at helping me,
My pop, he pats 'em on the head
 And says: "You like a circus, too?"
When I asked how he knew, he said:
 "'Cause that's the way I used to do."

And lots of times when he gets mad
 Enough to whip me and declares
He never saw another lad
 Like I am—well, at last he spares
Me from a whipping and he lays
 His rawhide down: "I can't whip you
For that, although I should," he says,
 "'Cause that's the way I used to do."

BILLY PEEBLE'S CHRISTMAS

BILLY PEEBLE, he ain't got no parunts—never had
none, 'cause
When he's borned he was an orfunt; an' he said 'at
Santa Claus
Never didn't leave him nothin', 'cause he was a county
charge,
An' the overseer told him that his fambly was too
large
To remember orfunt children; so I ast Ma couldn't we
Have Bill Peeble up to our house, so's to see our
Christmas tree.
An' she ast me if he's dirty; an' I said I guessed he was,
But I didn't think it makes no difference with Santa
Claus.

BILLY PEEBLE'S CHRISTMAS

My his clo'es was awful ragged! Ma, she put him in
a tub
An' she poured it full of water, an' she gave him such
a scrub
'At he 'ist set there an' shivered; an' he told me after-
wurds
'At he never washed all over out to Overseer Bird's!
'En she burned his ragged trousies an' she gave him
some of mine;
My! she rubbed him an' she scrubbed him till she al-
most made him shine,
Nen he 'ist looked all around him like he's scairt for
quite a w'ile,
An' even w'en Ma'd pat his head he wouldn't hardly
smile.

'En after w'ile Ma took some gunnysacks an' 'en she
laid
'Em right down at the fireplace, 'ist 'cause she is afraid
Santa Claus 'll soil the carpet when he comes down
there, you know;
An' Billy Peeble watched her, an' his eyes stuck out—
'ist so!
'En Ma said 'at in the mornin' if we'd look down on the
sacks
'At they'd be 'ist full of soot where Santa Claus
had made his tracks;
Billy Peeble stood there, lookin'! An' he told me after-
wurds
He was scairt he'd wake right up an' be at Overseer
Bird's.

BILLY PEEBLE'S CHRISTMAS

Well, 'en she hung our stockin's up an' after w'ile she
said :

"Now, you an' Billy Peeble better go right off to bed,
An' if you hear a noise tonight, don't you boys make a
sound,

'Cause Santa Claus don't never come with little boys
around!"

So me an' Billy went to bed, an' Billy Peeble, he
Could hardly go to sleep at all—'ist tossed an' tossed.
You see

We had such w'ite sheets on the bed an' he said after-
wurds

They never had no sheets at all at Overseer Bird's.

So we 'ist laid an' talked an' talked. An' Billy ast me
who

Was Santa Claus. An' I said I don't know if it's all true,
But people say he's some old man who 'ist loves little
boys

An' keeps a store at the north pole with heaps an' heaps
of toys

W'ich he brings down in a big sleigh, with reindeers
for his steeds,

An' comes right down the chimbly flue an' leaves 'ist
what you needs.

My! he's excited w'en I told him that! An' afterwurds
He said they never had no toys at Overseer Bird's.

BILLY PEEBLE'S CHRISTMAS

I'm fallin' pretty near asleep w'en Billy Peeble said;
"Sh-sh! What's that noise?" An' w'en he spoke I
set right up in bed
Till sure enough I heard it in the parlor down below,
An' Billy Peeble, he set up an' 'en he said: "Le's go!"
So we got up an' sneaked down stairs, an' both of us
could see
'At it was surely Santa Claus, 'ist like Ma said he'd be;
But he must heard us comin' down, because he stopped
an' said:
"You, Henry Blake an' William Peeble, go right back
to bed!"

My goodness, we was awful scairt! An' both of us was
pale,
An' Billy Peeble said up stairs: "My! Ain't he 'ist a
whale!"
We didn't hardly dare to talk and got back into bed
An' Billy pulled the counterpane clear up above his
head,
An' in the mornin' w'en we looked down on the gunny
sacks,
W'y sure enough we saw the soot where he had made
his tracks,
An' Billy got a suit of clothes, a drum, an' sled an'
books,
Till he 'ist never said a word, but my! how glad he
looks!

BILLY PEEBLE'S CHRISTMAS

'En, after w'ile it's dinner time an' Billy Peeble set
Right next to Pa, an' my! how he 'ist et an' et an' et!
Till he 'ist puffed an' had to leave his second piece of
pie

Because he couldn't eat no more. An' after dinner,
w'y,

Ma dressed him up in his new clo'es, an' Billy Peeble
said

He's sorry he's an' orfunt, an' Ma patted Billy's head,
W'ich made him cry a little bit, an' he said afterwurds
Nobody ever pats his head at Overseer Bird's.

An' all day long Pa looked at Ma an' Ma she looked at
him,

Because Pa said 'at Billy looked a little bit like Jim
'At was my baby brother, but he died oncet, years ago,
An' 'at's w'y Billy Peeble makes my mother like him so.
She says 'at Santa brought him as a present, 'ist instead
Of little Jim 'at died oncet. So she 'ist put him to bed
On Christmas night an' tucked him in an' told me after-
wurds

'At he ain't never goin' back to Overseer Bird's.

AN INTERRUPTED PREACHMENT

I AM very tired of Money—in the abstract sense, of course,
Though, my feelings notwithstanding, I appreciate its force;
But the thought comes to me sometimes that I'd like to end my ills
In some place there were no dollars, duns, debts, checks, drafts, notes or bills;
I've supreme contempt for riches—all I want is what I need,
For a half way decent living, but this madness gone to seed
That would garner fruit of millions other men may have—not I—
Just excuse me for a minute—there's a dollar going by.

AN INTERRUPTED PREACHMENT

I've no hungering for millions, for I know that wealth
 has wings,
Though I'm frank to say that money will buy lots of
 pretty things;
But this never-ending struggle just to get a dollar more
To a man of my convictions is an everlasting bore;
And the current weekly wonder as to what will be my
 share
In the scramble after dollars almost drives me to de-
 spair.
For a lodge in some vast wilderness, quite moneyless, I
 sigh—
Just excuse me for a minute—there's a dollar going by.

I'm aware it's inconsistent to go out and bring it in,
But somebody else would get it, so it hardly seems
 a sin;
And the fact is that I need it, as a concrete essence
 which
Will enable me to dine with all the splendor of the
 rich;
But the abstract dollar fills me with no feeling but dis-
 gust,
And I only go and chase it because Wisdom says I
 must;
I would preach a little longer, but, alas, the pitcher's
 dry
And I think I hear the jingle of a dollar going by.

GRAFT AND THE WOMAN

HERE I sit in anger turning pages over! I am burning with my rage and stirred with yearning to go out and battle graft,

For from what I have been reading all the country lies a-bleeding and the cause of right is needing Men to meet the arts of Craft;

And my wife in peace is leaning back and idly magizin-ing, and with accents full of meaning I address her, for I vow

Some new tale of graft she's reading; but she says:
"I guess that's beading over plain lace edge is leading in the fashion books just now."

GRAFT AND THE WOMAN

Then I read a little longer and the tale of graft grows stronger. Ah, my Country how they wrong her with their dark and sinful deeds!

And I seek to interest her in my Country's needs and vest her with this knowledge and arrest her rapt attention as she reads.

And I say: "This revelation of the sapping of the Nation is creating a sensation—have you read the tale, my dear?"

But she answers: "Madame Bounce is of opinion and announces that the olden style of flounces will come in again next year."

Then again I turn to musing: Is my country really losing ground? Are sinful men abusing what our fathers cherished so?

Is the sun of honor setting when our statesmen are forgetting all the oaths they swore and letting graft stalk idly to and fro?

And again to her I'm speaking: "Here's a revelation reeking with dishonor—ah, the sneaking thieves, their crimes should cost them dear!"

But she says: "The Modern Hatter says that bonnets will be flatter and the firm of Click & Clatter have some Paris fashions here."

GRAFT AND THE WOMAN

"Madame," said I, "just a minute! Here's a tale with sorrow in it—sorrow for the shame and sin it so distressingly relates;

Will you listen while I read it? Will you give me ear? Indeed, it is enough to make hearts bleed, it is all full of names and dates."

Then I read it with dramatic voice that swells from roof to attic, with an ardor democratic, and my heart was in my words;

And she murmured as I ended that the milliners intended to use bows of ribbon blended with the plumage of rare birds!

VANITY

A T five a maiden's wants are few :
A set of blocks, a doll or two ;
A little place inside to play
If it should come a rainy day ;
A pair of shoes, a pinafore ;
I really think of nothing more.

Nor wants she overmuch at ten ;
A birthday party now and then,
A bit of ribbon for her hair,
A little better dress to wear,
Perhaps a pony cart to drive—
A bit more than she did at five.

A modest increase at fifteen ;
A party dress, in red or green,
A room alone that she may fix
With bric-a-brac and candlesticks,
A parasol, a fan—and, oh !
I quite forgot to add—a beau.

VANITY

At twenty she is quite above
All childish wants—she asks but love,
And dreams of Princes, tall and fair,
Who come a-wooing and who dare
All dangers; and she keeps apart
For him the castle of her heart.

At twenty-five her fancy goes
To bonnets, frills, and furbelows,
A country place, a house in town,
A better rig than Mrs. Brown
Or Black or Jones, and just a wee
Small figure in Society.

At thirty—well, a little tea
For the distinguished Mrs. B.,
Who writes—a Prince to entertain,
A long-haired Lion to make vain
With silly tricks, a horse show box
And just a little plunge in stocks.

At thirty-five and forty—well
There isn't much that's new to tell;
A little bigger country place,
A real good lotion for the face,
And some reduction made in those
One can afford to say she knows.

VANITY

At fifty—does her fancy end?
She wants—ah, yes, she wants a friend
To prove her years were not in vain;
She wants those dreams of youth again,
When Princes-errant, tall and fair,
Lived, loved, and came a-wooing there.

At seventy she wants to know
Why Vanity and hollow show
Tempt Wisdom from its lofty seat.
She wants but ease for gouty feet,
And peace to wonder what must be
The last leaf's musings on the tree.

THE WOES OF THE CONSUMER

I'M only a consumer and it really doesn't matter
How they crowd me in the street cars till I couldn't
well be flatter;

I'm only a consumer and the strikers may go striking
For it's mine to end my living if it isn't to my liking.

I am only a consumer and I have no special mission
Except to pay the damages. Mine is a queer position,
The Fates unite to squeeze me till I couldn't well be
flatter

But I'm only a consumer, so it really doesn't matter.

The baker tilts the price of bread upon the vaguest
rumor

Of damage to the wheat crop, but I'm only a consumer
So it really doesn't matter, for there's no law that com-
pels me

To pay the added charges on the loaf of bread he sells
me.

The ice man leaves a smaller piece when days are
growing hotter

But I'm only a consumer and I do not need iced water,
My business is to draw the checks and keep in a good
humor

And it really doesn't matter, for I'm only a consumer!

THE WOES OF THE CONSUMER

The milkman waters milk for me; there's garlic in my
butter

But I'm only a consumer, so it does no good to mutter.

I know that coal is going up and beef is getting higher

But I'm only a consumer and I have no need of fire.

And beefsteak is a luxury that wealth alone is needing,

I'm only a consumer and I have no need of feeding.

My business is to pay the bills and keep in a good
humor

For I have no other mission, since I'm only a consumer.

The grocer sells me addled eggs; the tailor sells me
shoddy

But I'm only a consumer and I am not anybody.

The cobbler pegs me paper soles; the dairyman short
weights me,

I'm only a consumer and most everybody hates me.

There's turnip in my pumpkin pie and ashes in my
pepper,

The world's my lazaretto and I'm nothing but a leper,

So lay me in my lonely grave and tread the turf down
flatter,

I'm only a consumer and it really doesn't matter.

THE REAL ISSUE

THERE are two issues, after all,
Above the ones that speech may call
Or wisdom utter;
Two issues that with me and you
Are most important—and the two
Are bread and butter.

Let patriotic banners wave,
Let economic speakers rave;
'Tis not potential
That Art proclaim or Music sing,
The Loaf is, after all, the thing
That's most essential.

THE REAL ISSUE

Truth seeks some broader meeting place
For breed or clan or tribe or race,
 For saint and sinner;
But after all the noise and fuss
The issue paramount with us
 Is—What for dinner?

New theories we may evolve,
Old governments we may dissolve,
 New flags float o'er us,
And Truth may search and Wisdom think,
Still these two planks of meat and drink
 Are yet before us.

So let contention hotly wage
And let the wars of logic rage
 In discourse fretted;
When all the clamor is complete
The issue still is what to eat—
 And how to get it!

THE TEST OF FAME

I DO not yearn for splendid fame—
A little share will do for me,
And in the busy mundane game
Of life, I'd simply like to see
The time, when, seeing me in print,
Folks would look at my name again,
And, glancing up from it, just hint
Of me: "Oh, yes, I knew him when—"

It really isn't much to ask,
And yet it is a splendid test
Of those, more fortunate, who bask
In smiles Fate gives those she loves best,
If when my name, perchance, was read,
Some good soul would arise and then
Not speak some fulsome praise—instead
Just say: "Oh, yes, I knew him when—"

THE TEST OF FAME

I really wouldn't care, you know,
Just when I had been known before,
Or whether I'd been shoveling snow
Or peddling ice or keeping store,
Just so, whene'er my name was heard
Through some creation of my pen,
Some listening person might be stirred
To say: "Oh, yes, I knew him when—"

So all I ask of fickle fame
Is this, I think, quite modest boon.
I do not ask a brilliant flame,
That lights the world, but dies so soon;
I only ask that some fine day
Those sweetest words of tongue or pen
Old friends of mine be moved to say
Of me: "Oh, yes, I knew him when—"

THE CHOSEN ONES

THAT fellowship of genius, unconstrained
Of place or riches; nor its precincts gained
Of loud alarum; for a brazen gate
Thick-metalead, bids the wanderer await
Until the sacred password is approved
By Him who loveth art for art beloved.

Nor ever ringeth false upon His ear
That magic word that bids the gate swing clear,
The moated ditches close, the drawbridge fall,
The sentinels move harmless on the wall,
The feast be spread, the laureled wreath be wove,
For him who bears the signet-ring of Love.

THE CHOSEN ONES

Not any soul discordant at the feast,
Not any greatest one or any least,
But all of common stature, having sipped
The cup whose golden sides have dripped and dripped
With the rare wine of Song, whose vineyards lie
Where the clear blue of the Parnassian sky
Dips down to earth to lift the souls of men
That fell from Heaven back to Heaven again.

And in that din and clamor I await
The message that He sends who guards the gate.
To bid me come within or bid me lay
My dreams aside and diligently stray
By field and stream and under the blue sky,
Seeking the truth afar with eager eye.

Through many a sleepless night and weary day
To serve with patience, suffer, learn, and pray,
Until I gain the Secret, and the gate
Shall be flung wide and those great souls await
To welcome me, who, like me, unafraid,
Untiring, patient, at the altar laid
Their offerings once and once and once again,
And once a hundred times, and more; till then
They learned that patience was the word that bade
The gate swing wide and waiting souls be glad!

WAR

UNANGERED columns hurled upon a foe;
Blood guiltless souls made gory at a word;
Cheeks drenched with tears and widowed women's woe
In the long wail of cloistered sorrow heard.
Man at a cry be made furious and grim
With scent of blood and smoke of bursting shell;
Dead faces on a field upturned to Him,
And spirits flown—to Heaven or to Hell?

Smoke, like the fumes from Hell's own caldron curled;
Men schooled to murder at a bugle's blare;
Emblems of empire from a staff unfurled.
Blades drawn from scabbards, bidden slay nor spare.
Man and his brother, Man, the tie forgot,
Each with his eye light with the lust of Cain;
Blood, as the breach of belching cannon, hot
Leaping to splash the battled hill or plain.

WAR

Night! And long trenches with the dead thick laid.

Sleep! And wan beacons flaring in the sky.

Rest! Claims a truce the blood-incrusted blade.

Dreams! Of the dead and those so soon to die.

Hark! 'Tis the bugle! And, with bloody hands,

Sleep greets the dawn and Murder comes from bed!

Lives are the ancient sacrifice of Lands.

Vainglory heaps her altar fires with dead.

AIRCASTLETOWN

A TRUCE to thy struggling, poor mortal who
strives;

A rest to thy efforts poor, hungering soul;
Come, Need, cast away all thy harrowing gyves,
And, Sorrow, I'll take thee where dreams are made
whole.

Here in the dim twilight we'll sit by and dream;
Our fancies stray far as the light thistledown,
For, red as the sunrise, the golden rays gleam
Over there on the hilltops, near Aircastletown.

Ah, light as the leaf on the wandering breeze
We'll float in our dreams from these sorrows away;
Where fruit of fulfillment is ripe on the trees
And sunlight of hope never dims night or day.
So here at the twilight we'll float with the tide
Of ungoverned fancy, nor borrow a frown
From the face of tomorrow, but carelessly glide
Down the stream of our dreamings to Aircastletown.

AIRCASTLETOWN

My cottage a palace, my palace a King's,
All peopled with dreams by some magic come true;
My wicket a drawbridge that never once swings
At the summons of Care—and, ah, best of all, You!
A fig for the cares that beset me the day,
The smile of fulfillment swift conquers my frown,
For the sails of my dreams to the winds dip away
And I'm off for a journey to Aircastletown.

What seek ye? Some treasure by Caprice denied?
What would ye? Some toy Fate might find thee
with ease?
What ask ye? Some fair wind and flood of the tide
To bring home thy argosy, far on the seas?
Then truce to thy dreamings—come journey with me,
On wings fine and airy as light thistledown,
And here at the twilight come sit, dream, and see
Thy longings come true there in Aircastletown.

A REALLY PRETTY GIRL

I HAVE traveled alien countries (through the medium
of books)
I have seen (in photogravures) Italy's sunburnished
skies;
I've had (stereoptic) visions of cliff-bounded mountain
brooks,
And the camera has brought me where Killarney's
splendor lies.
In the biograph exhibits I have trodden courts of kings,
To the ends of earth (in lectures) I have let my
senses whirl,
And it all one sage conclusion to my comprehension
brings:
There is nothing half as splendid as a really pretty
girl.

A REALLY PRETTY GIRL

I have seen (in scenic albums) all the gardens of the
East,

I have been (in dreams fantastic) where the tropic
breezes blow,

I have watched (in moving pictures) where Niagara
like yeast

Frothed above its splendid chasm and upon the rocks
below.

By the banks of the Euphrates (done on canvas) I have
strolled,

In the valley of Yosemite seen scenic glories whirl

In kaleidoscopic splendor, but when all the tale is told,

There is nothing half as splendid as a really pretty
girl.

When Nature did the firmament and splashed the som-
bre skies

With the splendor of the dawning; when she set the
moon and stars

As the jewels in the crown of Night and with her gor-
geous dyes

Made glorious the garden where the nodding flowers
are,

She had in mind a vision far beyond the dreams of
kings,

A tingling inspiration that set every sense a-whirl

So after she had practiced on these quite imperfect
things

She set to work and fashioned us a really pretty girl.

DREAMS

I F the iceman should come to me some day,
While weighing out a piece at my back door,
And, dropping it upon the porch, would say:
"It was so cold last year and year before,
The crop is long and we have cut the price"—
If he should just say that and lay the ice
On my back steps and then drive on—but hush!
Such dreams as this are only silly gush.

Or if the butcher, wrapping up my steak,
Should say: "You know, the corn crop was so vast,
And feed so cheap, we're able now to make
A slight reduction in the price at last"—
I say, if he should tell me that and take
Two cents a pound from last week's price of steak,
I wonder if the shock—but pshaw! why spare
The time to build such castles in the air?

DREAMS

Or if the baker, doling out my bread,
Should put a penny back into my hand,
And say: "The world will be more cheaply fed,
Since there is a large wheat crop in the land"—
I say, if he should voluntarily
Return a single penny unto me,
I wonder if I'd be—but, Heart, be still;
There is no possibility he will!

Or if my tailor, deftly sizing me
For a new suit, should say: "You know that sheep
Are multiplying fast and wool will be
In cloth upon the market very cheap"—
I say, if he should just say that and take
Five dollars from the price—well, then, I'd wake
Right up and rub my sleepy eyes and laugh,
To think of tailors giving me such chaff.

DREAMS

I know that these are merely dreams—that ice
And meat and bread are going up—that crop
Or weather will do naught but *raise* the price:
There is no likelihood of any drop;
But my employer tells me he will give
Me higher wage—it costs so much to live—
So now I do not need to skimp and scratch—
My pipe is out! Has any one a match?

A PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY

WHEN the Circle's fair was ended we had forty dollars net,
An' the members of the Circle had been duly called an' met
To agree on how to spend it for the glory of the cause,
An' agreeable to custom an' the Circle's rules an' laws.

Sister Sarah Newton Tarbox thought it orto go to pay
On the minister's back salary, an' Sarah had her say
Until Sister Marthy Colby p'inted out it wouldn't do
Under subdivision sixty-six of chapter twenty-two.

Sister Sarah, squelched, set silent, an' she wouldn't say
a word,
Save thet now an' then, sarcastic, to the Circle she referred
To the heathen, fat an' lazy, in a far-off furrin' clime,
An' the preacher outen flour more'n half the mortal
time.

A PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY

Sister Prudence Wilson Connors humbly ventured to
suggest

Thet the minister was needin' of a Sunday coat an' vest,
An' we argyed it, prayerful, till the whole plan was
knocked out

By a leetle p'int of order raised by Sister Susan Stout.

Sister Prudence set there thoughtful through the foller-
in' debate,

With her Christian sperrit ruffled, an' allowed she orto
state

Fer the clearin' of her conscience thet she would n't
oncet demur

If we threw it in the river, it was all the same to her.

Sister Amy Ellen Droppers thought the money sh'u'd be
lent

To some needy soul an' honest at a moderate per cent.,
But the by-laws of the Circle, so said Sister Sophy
Squeer,

On the plan of lendin' money wa'n't exactly plain an'
clear.

A PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY

Sister Amy Ellen hinted she had nothin' more t' say
On the plan thet she suggested ef the law stood in the
way,

But she said it was a pity the committee on expense
Had n't framed the Circle's by-laws in accord with
common sense.

Sister Evalina Spriggins said she thought it plain to see
What a Furrin' Mission Circle's bounden duty orto be,
An' she couldn't see how preachers of the Sperrit was
to roam

With the Furrin Mission Circles spendin' money here at
home.

At which Sister Phoebe Lucy Brown¹ arose, an', summat
het,

Said she guessed she knew her duty, an' she didn't
choose to set

An' hear a sister hintin' in a most onchristian way
Thet the Furrin Mission Circle was a-goin' *fur* astrav!

A PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY

An' then Sister Spriggins told her thet she had n't
meant no slur
On the Furrin Mission Circle an', leastwise of all, at
her,
Said she knew thet Sister Phoebe knew her business, it
was true,
An' she 'd heerd she knew most everybody else's busi-
ness, too.

Then good Sister Patience Hitchcock said the Circle
better burn
Every cent of it than quarrel, an' she motioned to ad-
journ
At which Sister Ellen Jackson riz up slowly on her feet
An' declared there was an error in the Circle's balance-
sheet.

'Stid o' havin' forty dollars over all the fair's expense
She had found we had a deficit of sixty-seven cents,
She had got her figgers crosswise when she added up
her sheets
An' had put expended items in the columns o' receipts!

A PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY

So with harmony prevailin' Sister Spriggins led in
prayer,

An' Sister Phoebe Lucy Brown observed to Sister
Blair

Thet we 're all poor, mortal creeters, who don't seem
to understand

How the good Lord holds us, helpless, in the holler of
his hand!

THE DEATH OF POETRY

(There is no demand for poetry, according to one of the greatest of international publishers.—Daily Paper.)

LAY her and her muted lyre
Here together on this pyre.
And the laurels she has won,
Lay them, lay them, one by one
As a pillow for her head,
Who lies here, forlorn and dead.

None to mourn her, none to praise.
Homer loved her in his days;
Sappho struck the lyre of her,
Petrarch was her worshipper.
Virgil, Dante—all are mute,
Hers a split and silenced lute.

THE DEATH OF POETRY

Burns her erring child and poor,
Byron wooed her and did Moore
From her happiest moods beguile
Sweetness in a worded smile.
And where subtle Shelley slept
She paused once an hour—and wept.

Regal, beautiful, she stood
In her glorious goddesshood,
Bade Shakespeare, her child to be
By her own divinity
Half-godlike, and where she trod
Hallowed man and worshipped God.

By vagrant stream and eerie wood
She wandered with the merry Hood.
Piped her pastoral lays oft were
With Goldsmith as interpreter,
And Whitman knew her dreamy days.
And went with her up mountain ways.

THE DEATH OF POETRY

When gloomy Poe her favor sued,
She listened and she understood.
Holmes claimed her joyous presence oft,
And Bryant knew her in her soft
And gracious whiles, and Whittier
In green fields would walk with her.

A minister to grief, she moved
By many wooed, yet few she loved,
And those she best beloved, she lent
Her grandeur of the firmament,
Of seas and skies and subtle arts,
Of love and grief and human hearts.

Here upon the funeral pyre
Lay her and her muted lyre.
Know ye, mourners at her bier,
'Tis a goddess that lies here.
And above ye all as far
As the weeping angels are.

THE LAST APPEAL

FOR her sake I will woo thee,
Oh, Fortune, and sue thee
For peace; I will bow thee my arrogant pride.
For her sake I will bend thee
My head, and will lend the
My struggles again what thy caprice betide.

Think not that I fear thee!
Myself, I would jeer thee
And bid thee defiance to do what it please
Thee to do; but to render
To her what the tender
Heart's love of me bids, I will crook thee my knees.

I come not to woo thee
For fame, or to sue thee,
But only as pleader for her when I see
Her so crushed in her spirit;
Ah, jade—thou must hear it,
The prayer that goes from me to heaven—and thee.

THE LAST APPEAL

Think not I am pleading
For self; were I bleeding
And battered thy minions should still taste my sword;
But, ah! 'Tis not human
To withhold from woman
The little she craves, when by woman adored.

Not wealth beyond measure,
Not gold of thy treasure,
But, ah! just enough of thy goodness to lay
Before her, and reaping
My joy in her weeping
Of pride in my conquest, find comfort today,

So for her sake I woo thee,
Again I will sue thee,
For her sake I come and I fawn like a cur
Begging food; but remember
My last ashing ember
Shall hate thee—but still I will woo thee—for her!





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